

**DOUGLAS
HAMSTER
COMICS**

CARMAGEDDON SPECIAL EDITION

#1 **\$0.00**

CARMAGEDDON

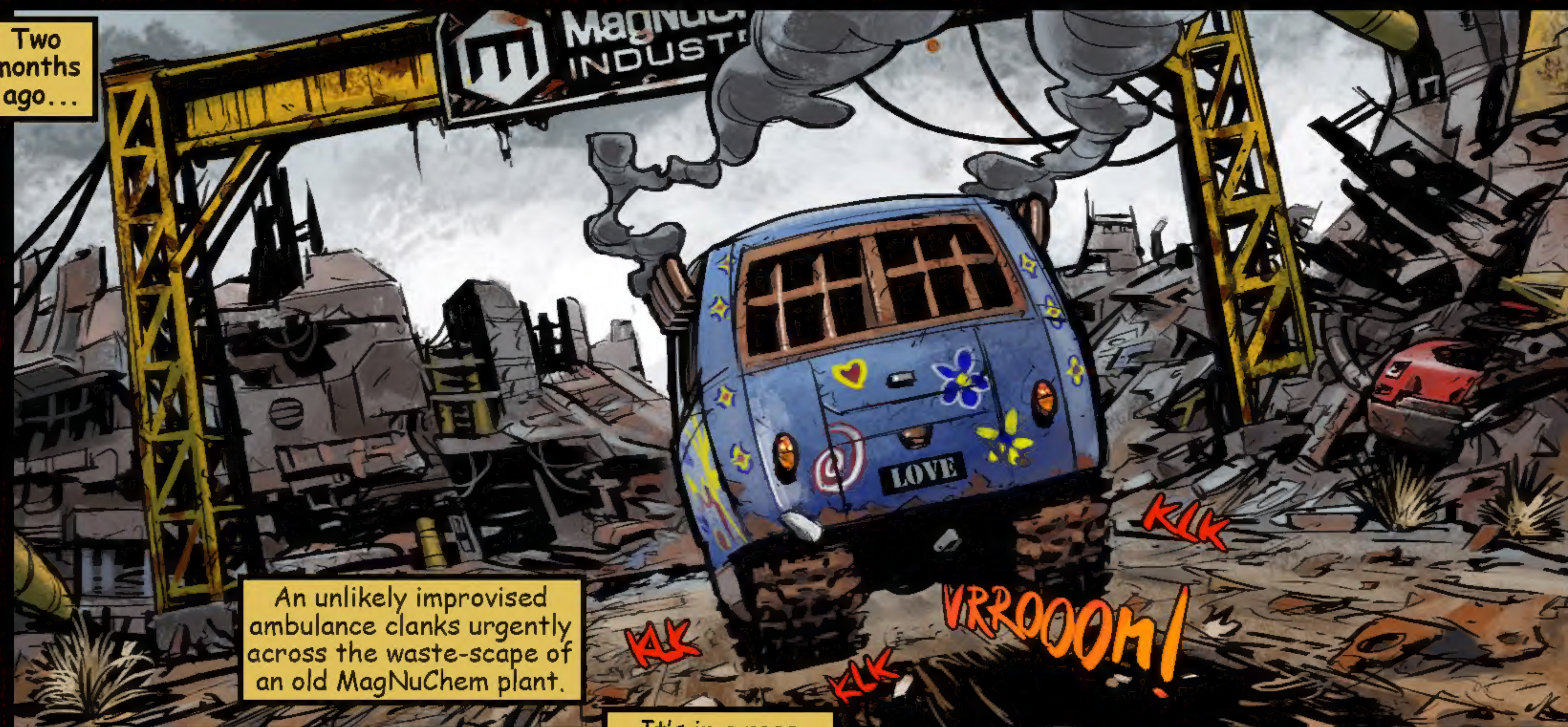
THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

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Where Eagles Die

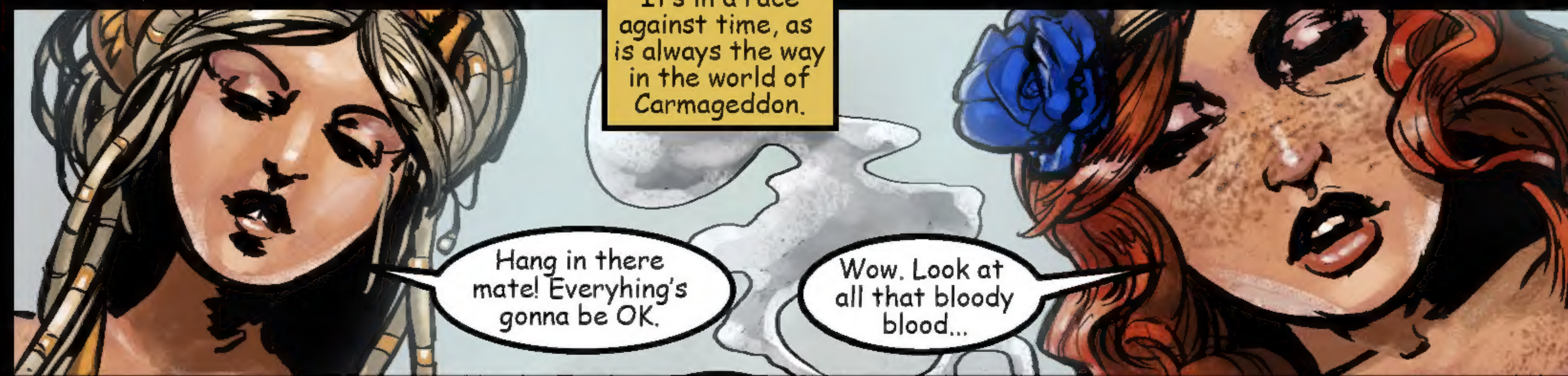
Story by Nobby Barnden & Daniel Tejnicky. Art by Daniel Tejnicky

Two months ago...



An unlikely improvised ambulance clanks urgently across the waste-landscape of an old MagNuChem plant.

It's in a race against time, as is always the way in the world of Carmageddon.



Hang in there mate! Everything's gonna be OK.

Wow. Look at all that bloody blood...



Step on it Moon Child! We're losing him!

I'm standing on it the whole way, mate!

...It's so bloody red...

But this time, splattering pedestrians won't extend the deadline...



Ugh* R-Repair

Yes, repair... They're gonna fix you, Max!

Eagle!

N-need t-to... UGH*

Bloody intense, man...

Eagles and shit... cool...

Wait a minute...



Bloody hell mates...



What if all this is... like... really happening!



Hang on guys... SHORTCUT!

ARGH! FUCK!

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

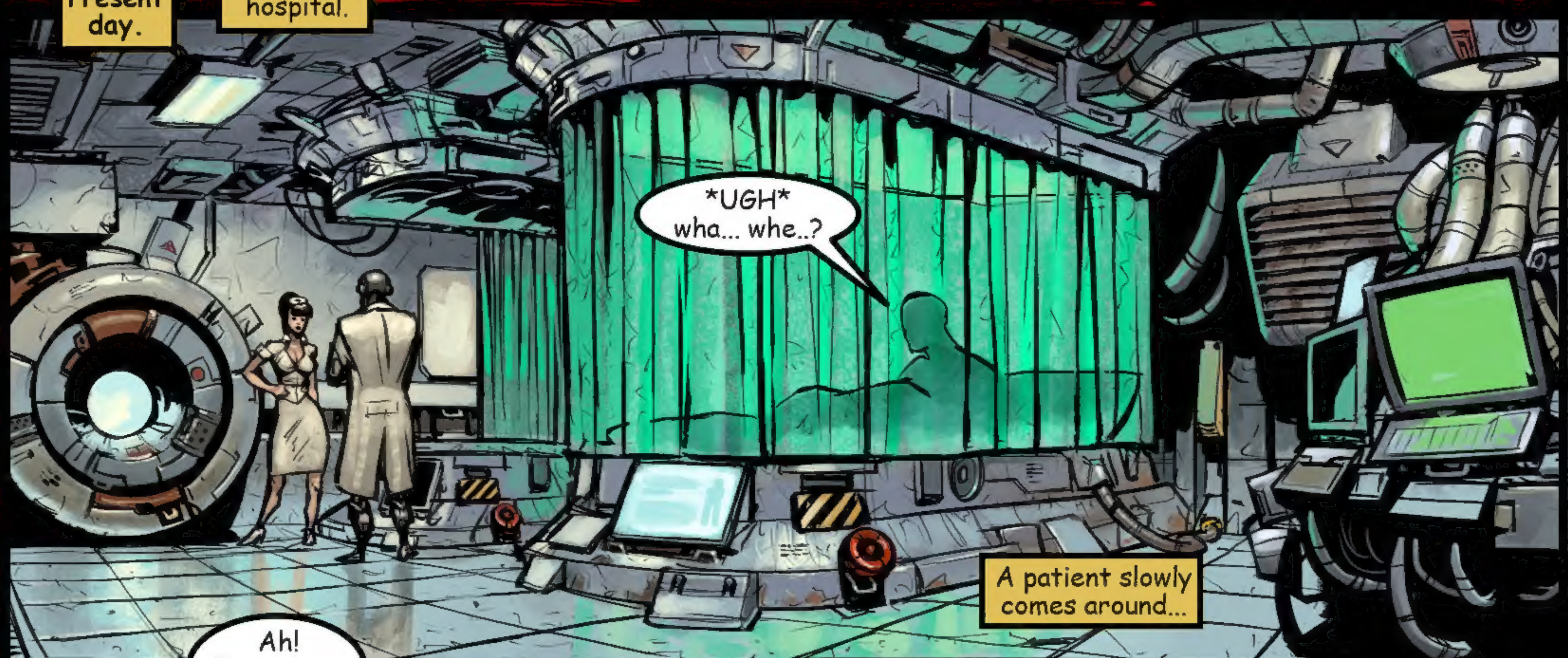


So... It bloody well IS happening... Far out!



Present day.

Wasteland hospital.



UGH
wha... whe..?

A patient slowly comes around...



Ah! Excuse me nurse...



So you're awake Max!

It was touch and go for a while there...

HOLY TITS!

The hell did you DO to me, ED?

I saved your ass, Max...

The sight of the robot medic brings Max around all-too rapidly!

HUH?! ED?!

But the shock at being greeted by ED101 is almost instantly forgotten...



I saved your ass. And your arm. And your eye. It appears your Auto Repair connection with The Eagle got bust...

I patched you up with spare parts we keep around here.

You've been in a coma for weeks. Welcome back.

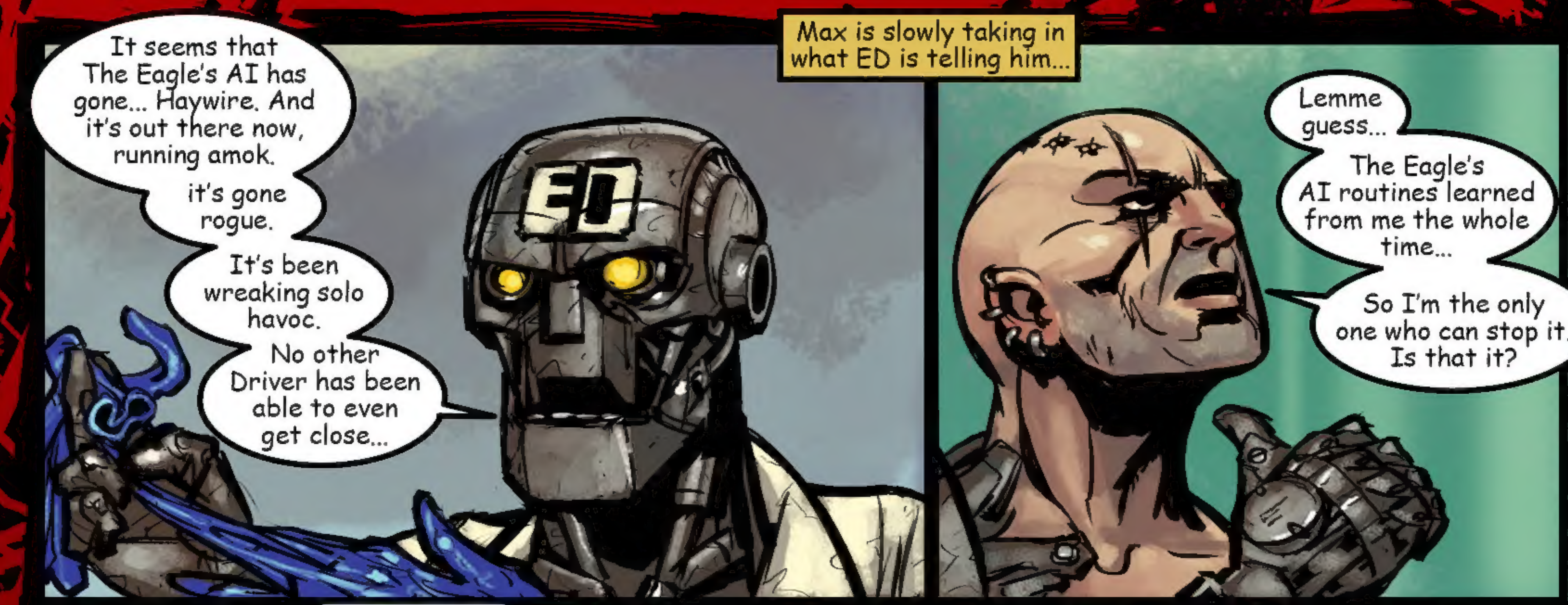
Spare parts eh..?



So how did I get disconnected from The Eagle? How can that happen?

And where is it anyways? Where is my car?

Oh yes ... about that...



It seems that The Eagle's AI has gone... Haywire. And it's out there now, running amok. it's gone rogue.

It's been wreaking solo havoc.

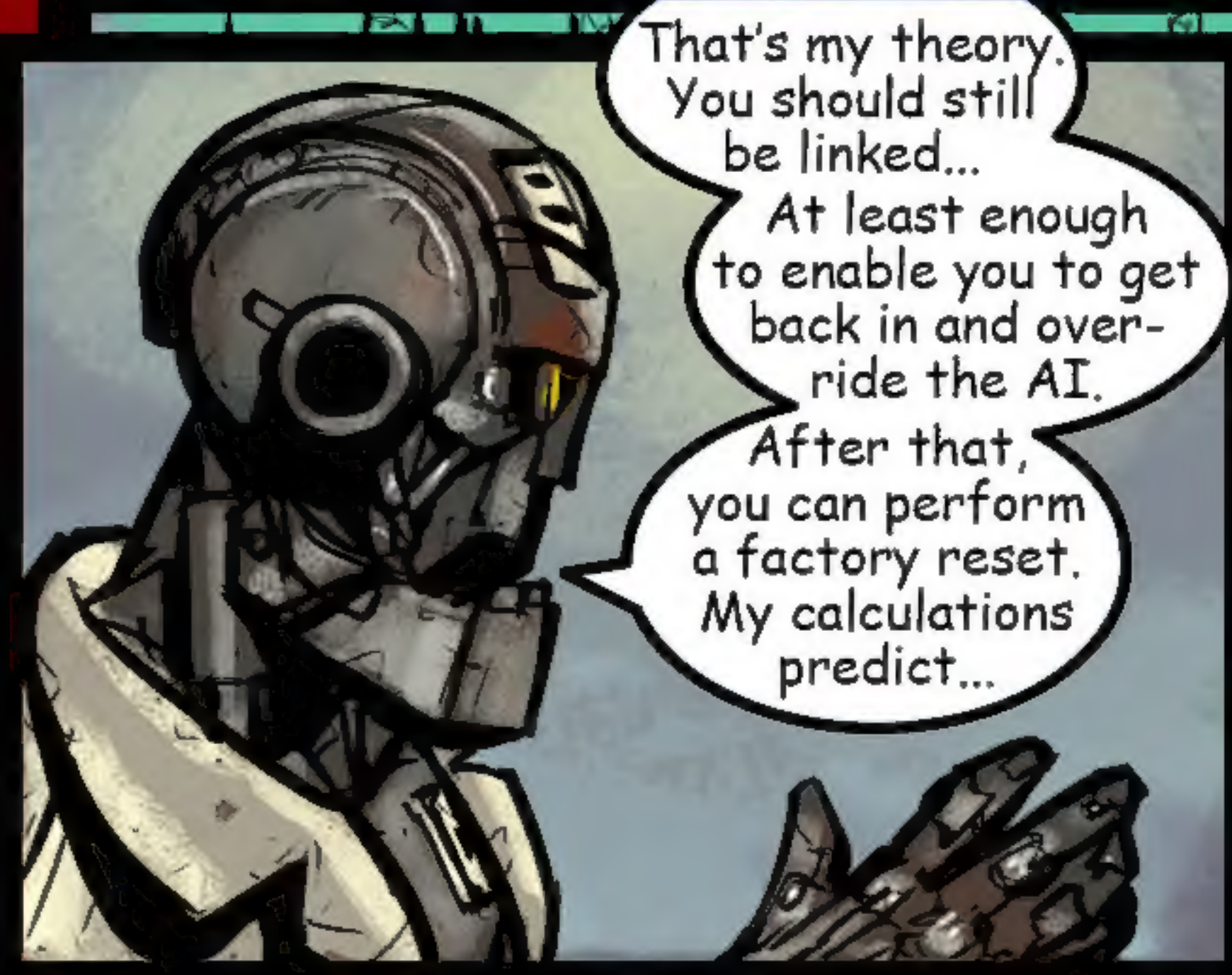
No other Driver has been able to even get close...

Max is slowly taking in what ED is telling him...

Lemme guess...

The Eagle's AI routines learned from me the whole time...

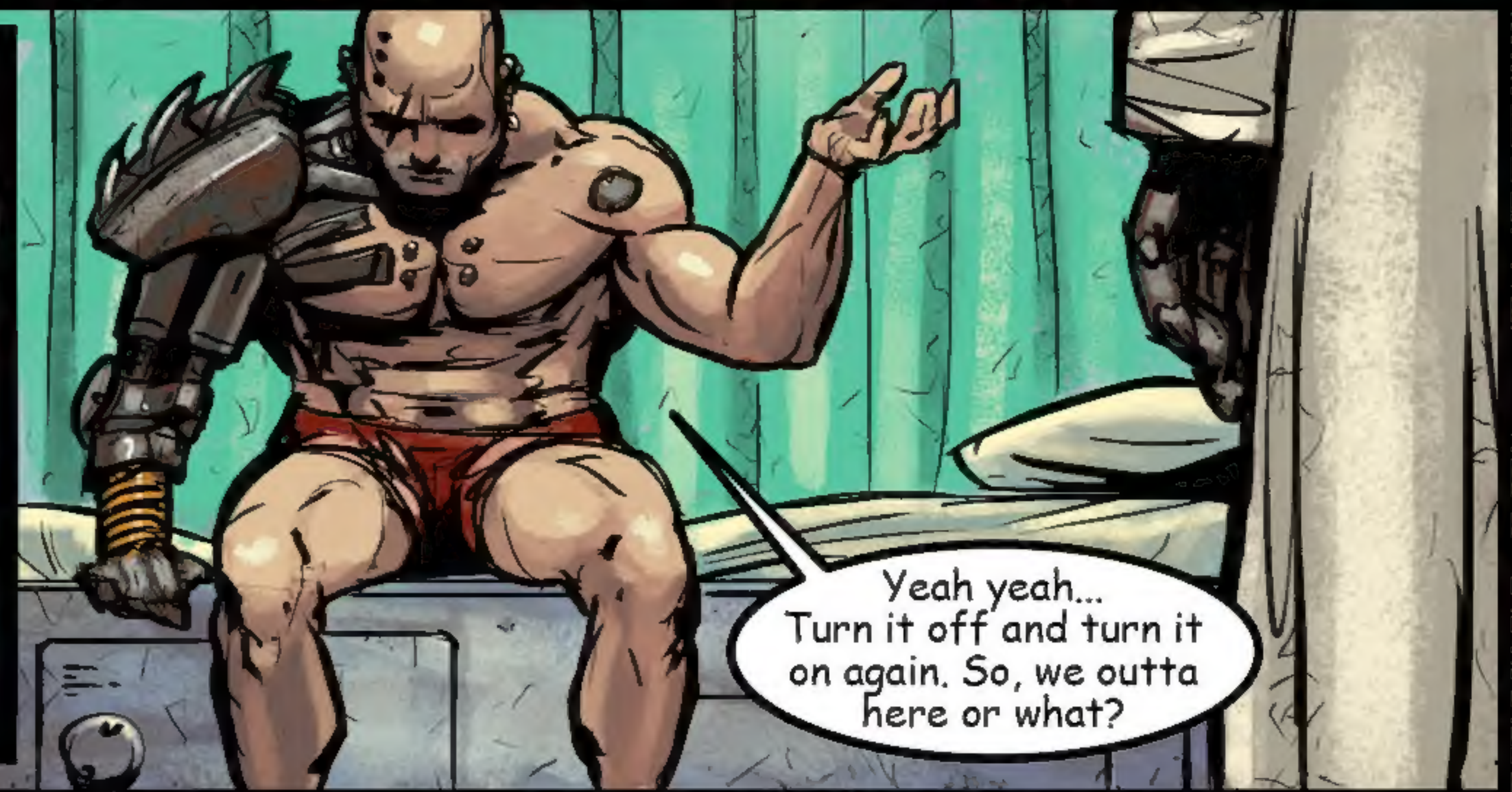
So I'm the only one who can stop it. Is that it?



That's my theory. You should still be linked...

At least enough to enable you to get back in and override the AI.

After that, you can perform a factory reset. My calculations predict...



Yeah yeah... Turn it off and turn it on again. So, we outta here or what?



Get dressed, I'll show you...



Minutes later. Max, still sore, stumbles out into the wasteland with his companion.

So what did you want to show me, ED?

I used to build custom cars with another synthetic, TEZ. He was a big fan of you, Max.

He liked to cosplay you.

OK. Weird.

Max ponders this curious piece of information, and wonders where this is going...

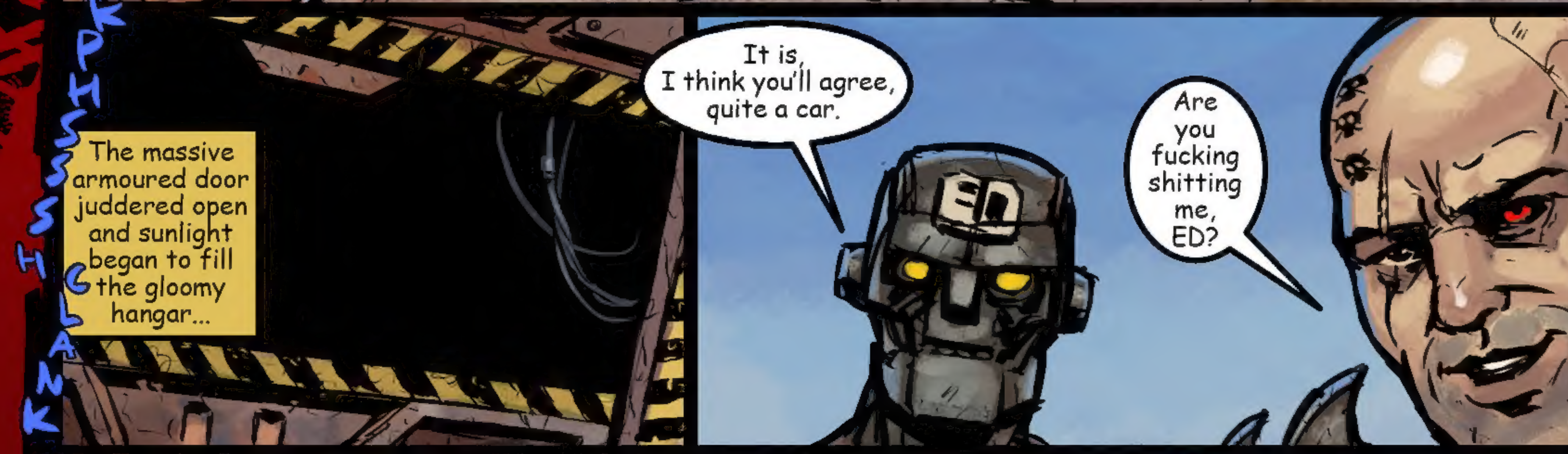


TEZ built a car to complete his cosplay ensemble....

No shit.

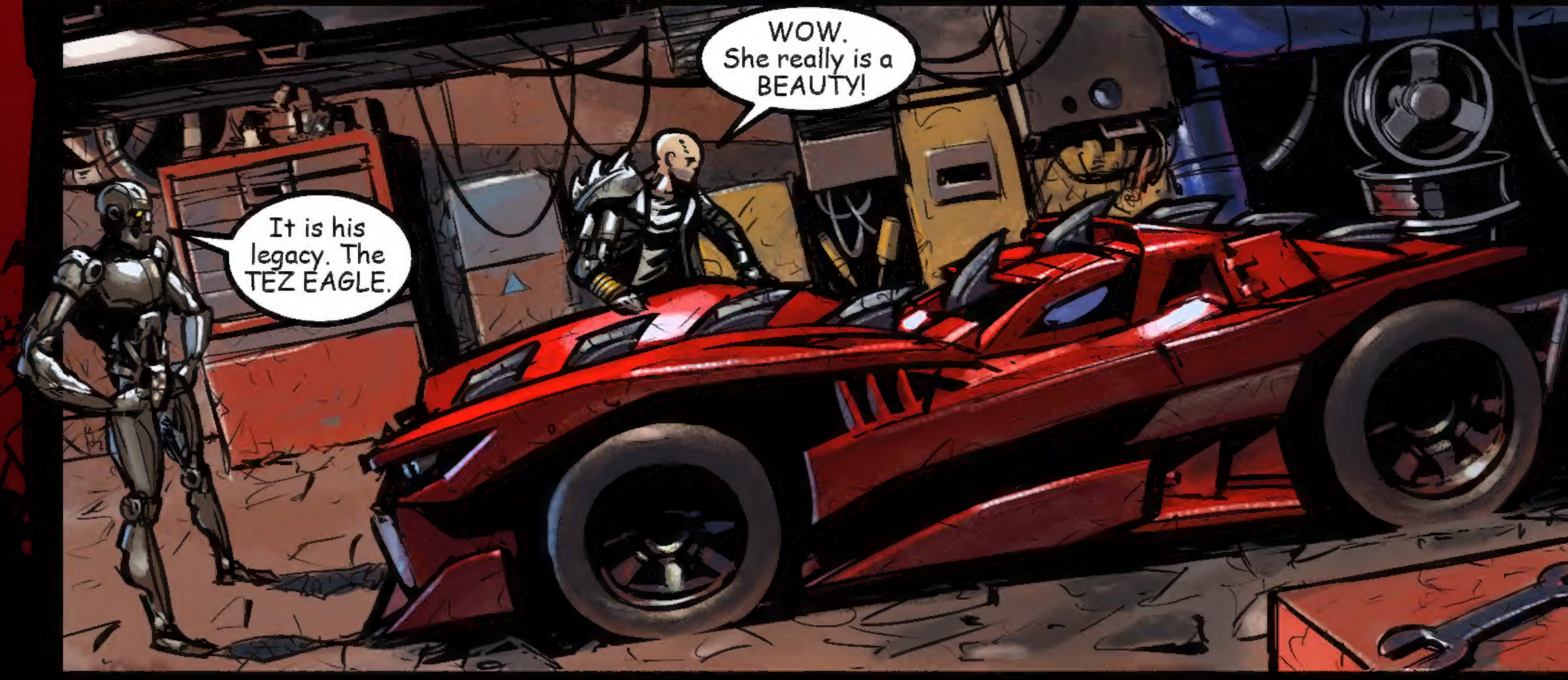


I think you might quite like it, Max.



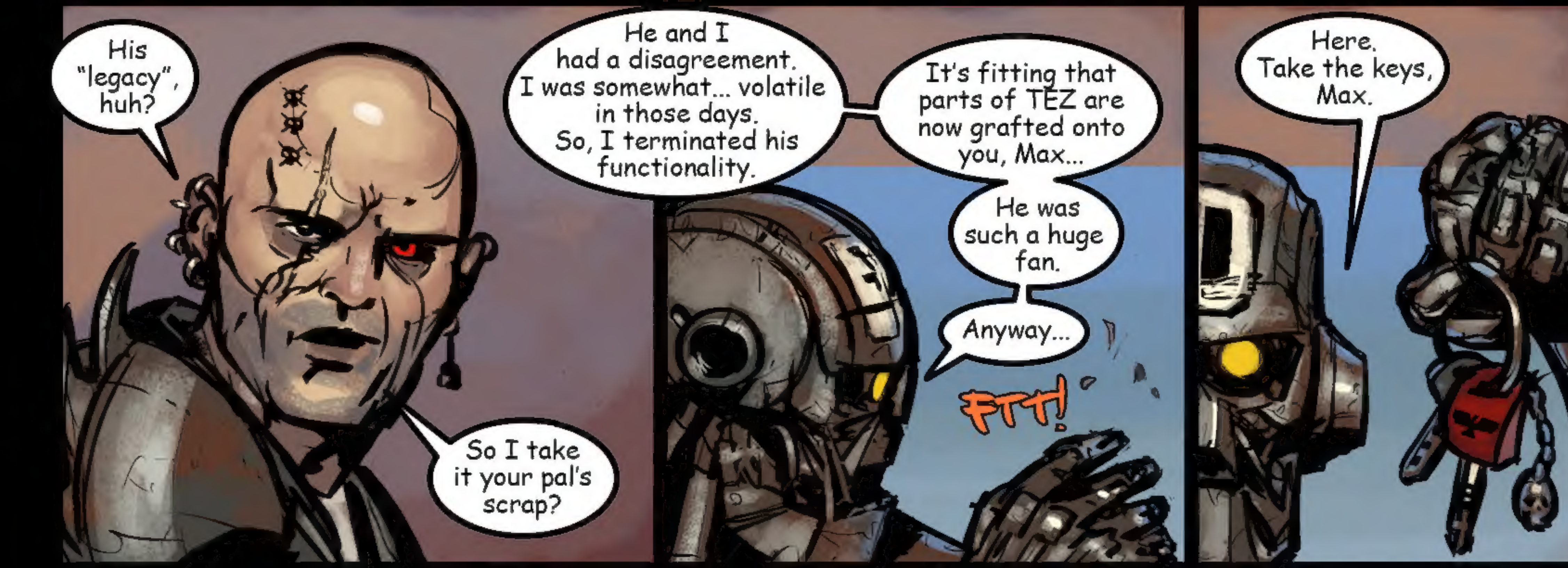
It is, I think you'll agree, quite a car.

Are you fucking shitting me, ED?



WOW. She really is a BEAUTY!

It is his legacy. The TEZ EAGLE



His "legacy", huh?

He and I had a disagreement. I was somewhat... volatile in those days. So, I terminated his functionality.

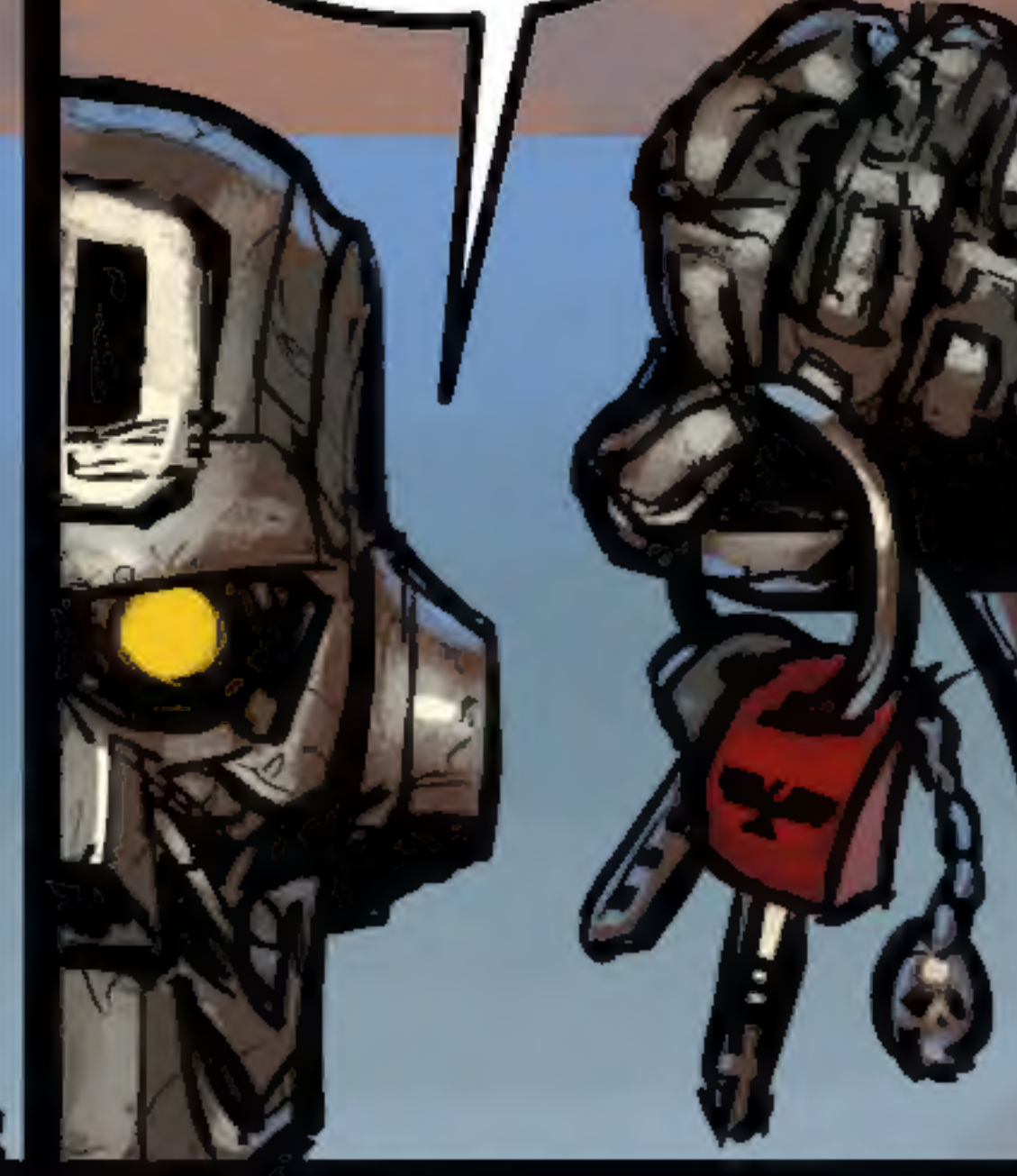
It's fitting that parts of TEZ are now grafted onto you, Max...

He was such a huge fan.

Anyway...

So I take it your pal's scrap?

Here. Take the keys, Max.



So I got the dead borg's spare parts.

And I got his ride. What's with the generosity ED? Where's the catch?

In a manner of speaking, yes.

Although, it's more to do with "the law" than religion.

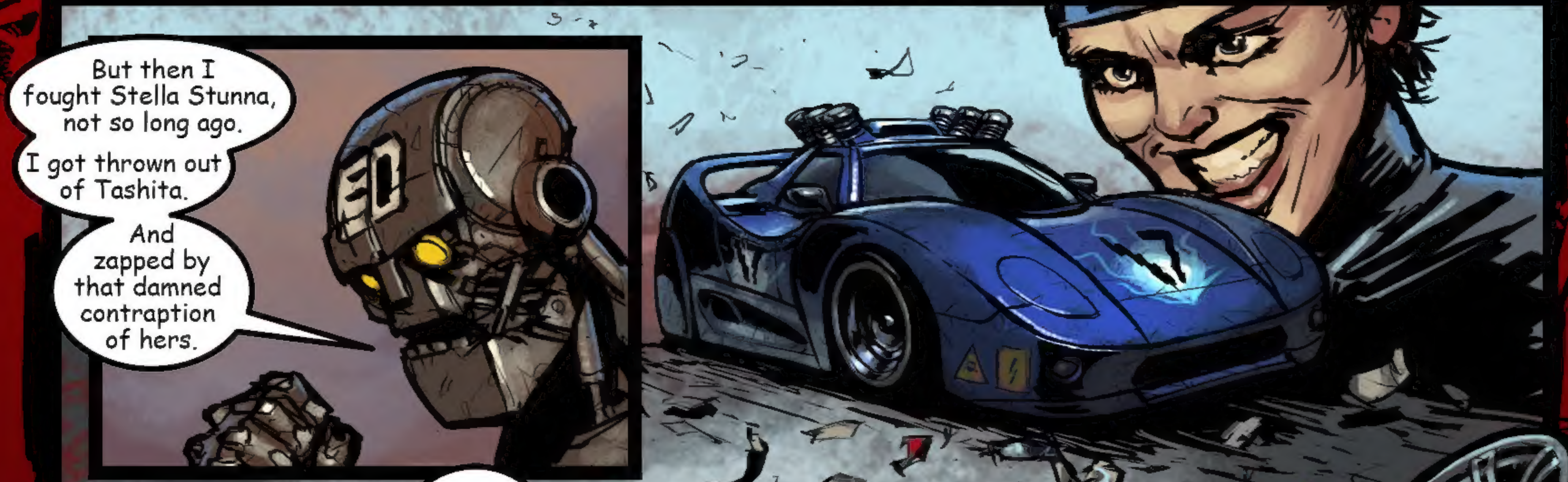
Back in my racing days, I was modded.

I had a secret military override chip installed.

It allowed me to harm, to kill...

You got religion all of a sudden or what?

CATCH!

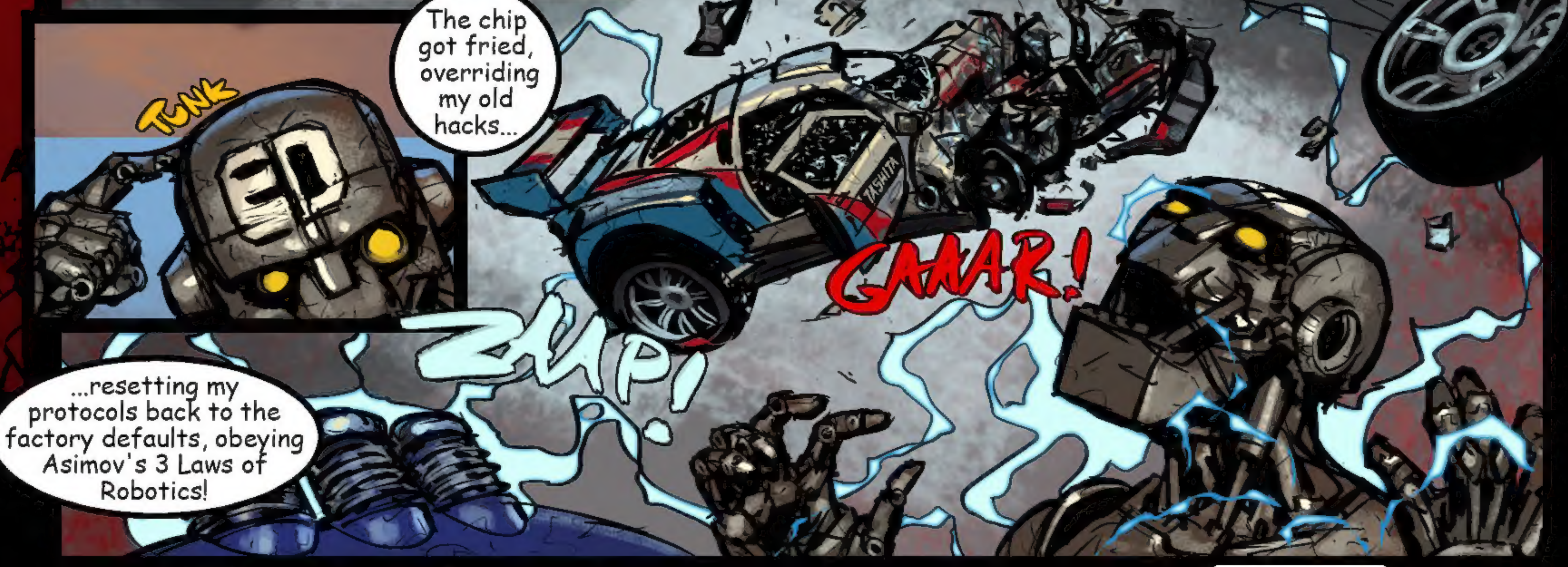


But then I fought Stella Stunna, not so long ago.

I got thrown out of Tashita.

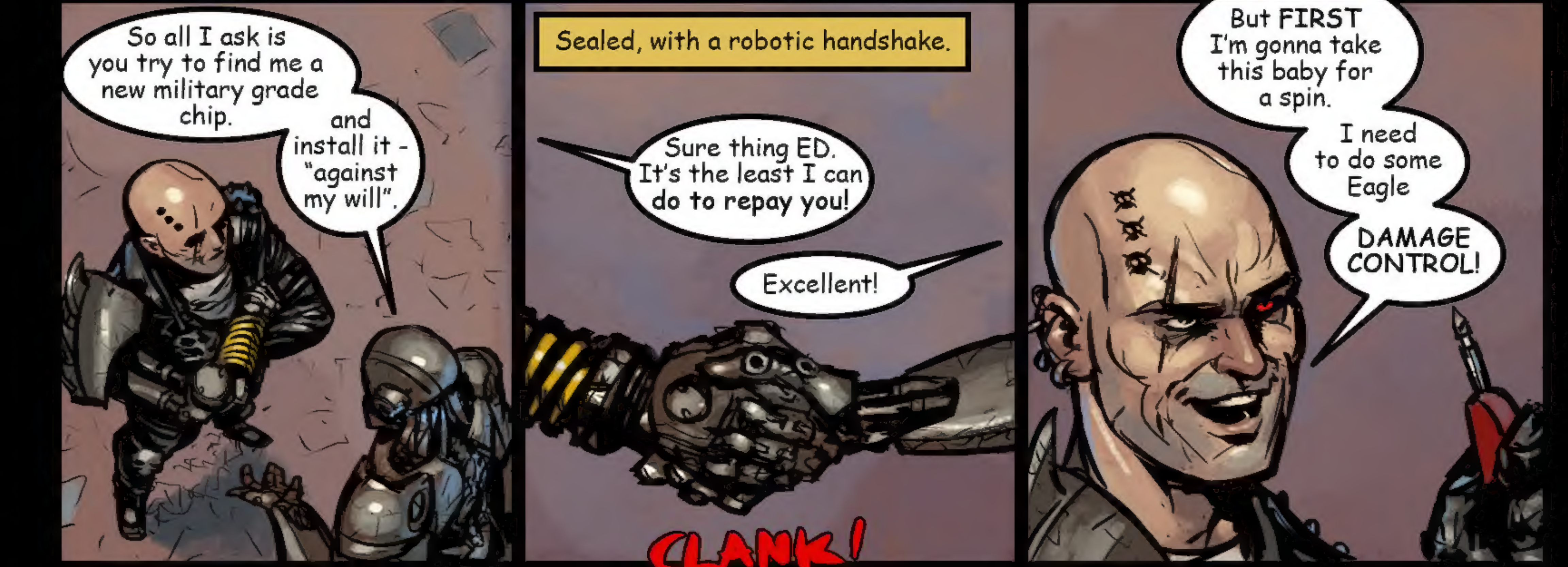
And zapped by that damned contraption of hers.

The chip got fried, overriding my old hacks...



...resetting my protocols back to the factory defaults, obeying Asimov's 3 Laws of Robotics!

CLANK!



So all I ask is you try to find me a new military grade chip.

and install it - "against my will".

Sealed, with a robotic handshake.

Sure thing ED. It's the least I can do to repay you!

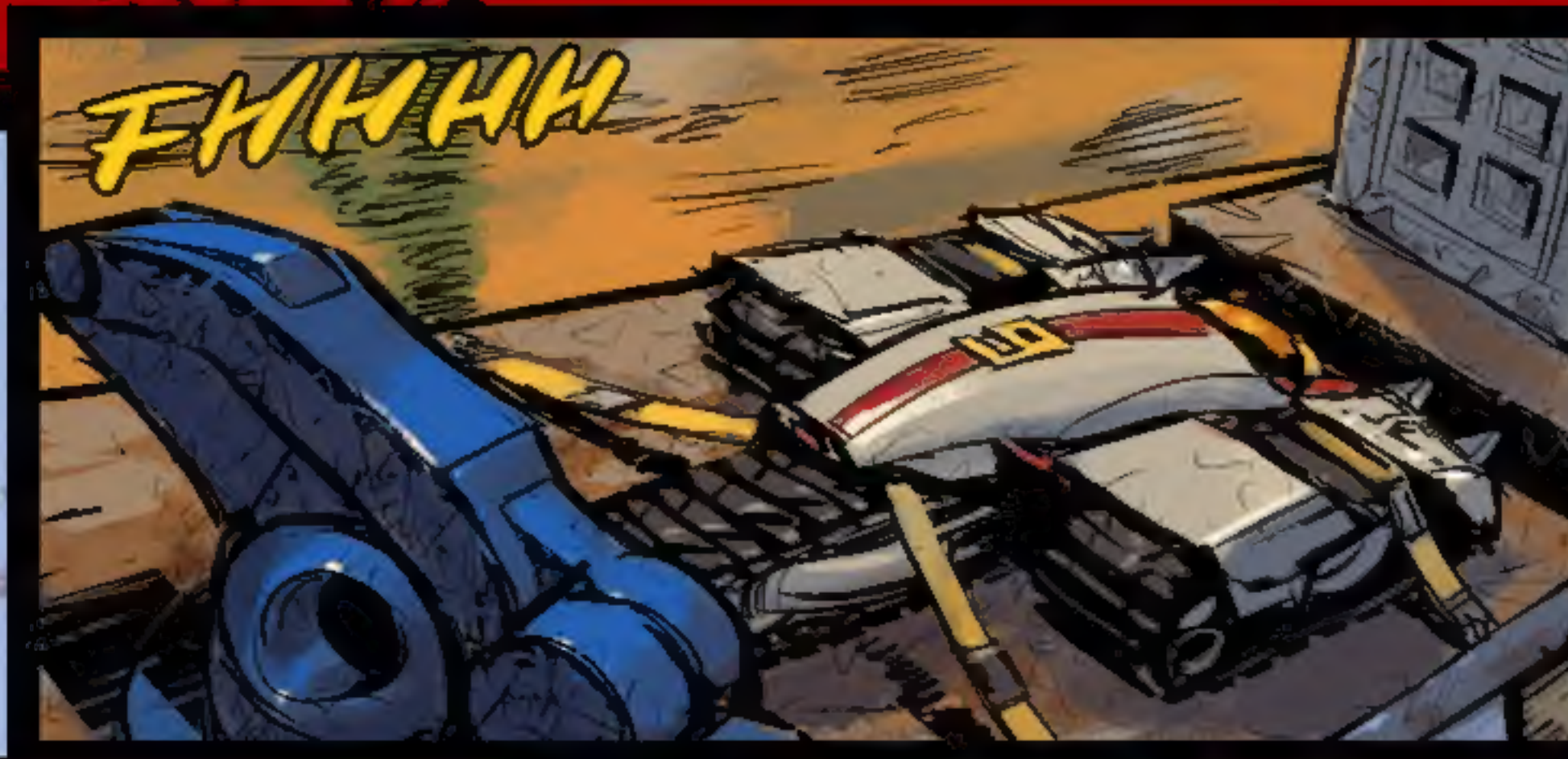
Excellent!

But FIRST I'm gonna take this baby for a spin.

I need to do some Eagle

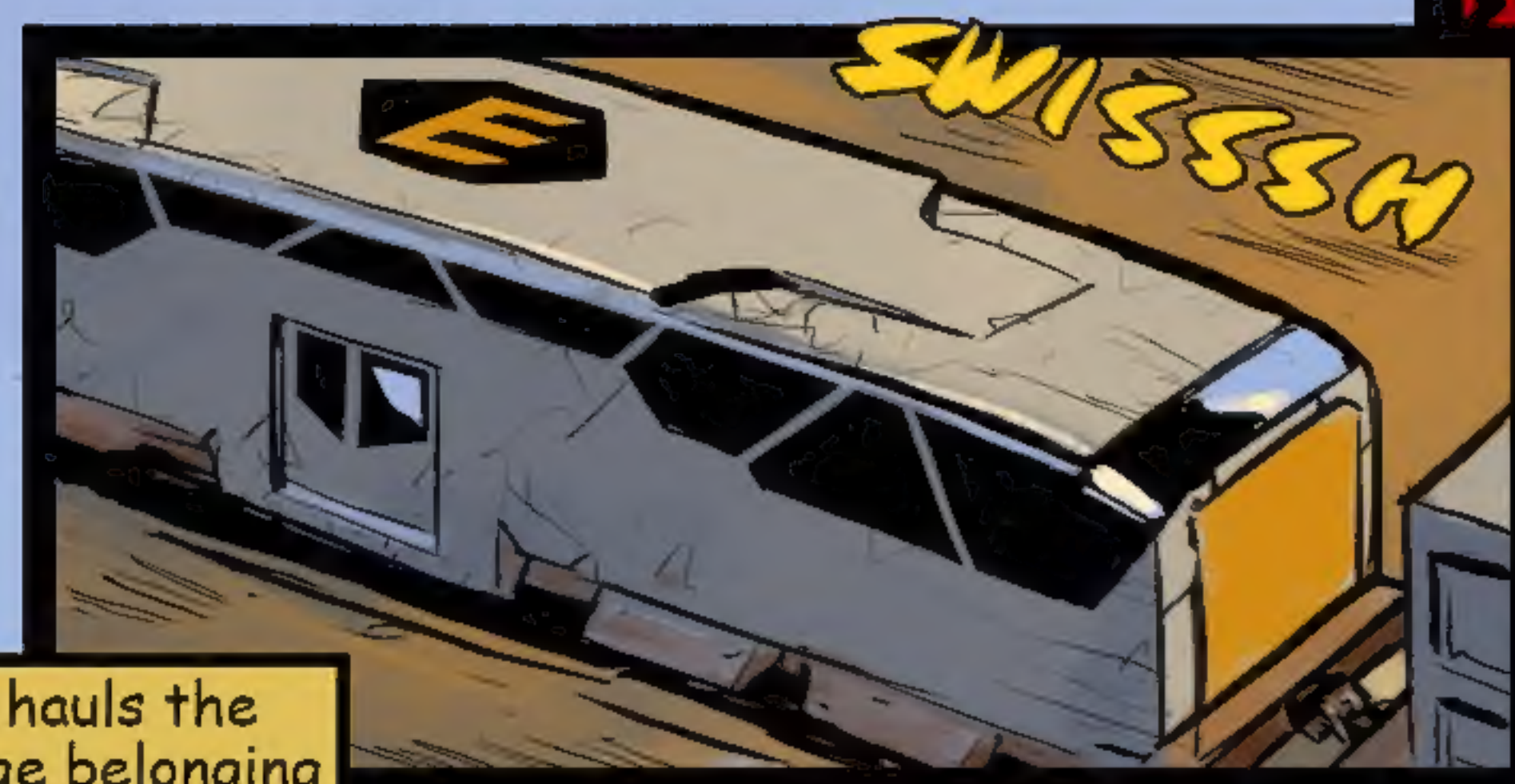
DAMAGE CONTROL!

CLANK!



A MagNuTrans locomotive glides across the El Morte Desert, carrying its VIP cargo quietly, anonymously...

Project-X, shackled to the freight carriage bed.



And it also hauls the luxury carriage belonging to Magnus Magnusson...

...AKA "Hammerhead"!



What's the latest news from the team at Area 51b?



The archaeologists have entered the caverns, sir. They report that the caverns house some kind of pagan "temple", sir.



HMM... Caverns you say?



That could save us a lot of time excavating space for the next Cowguin lab! It's right under the crash site too. Sounds perfect to me...



Tell them I need a feasibility report ASAP. Get the boffins out... and the heavy machinery in!



Later that day, the MagNuTrans train arrives at its final destination - a quiet mining town called Ill Eagle.

Cheeves, have them prepare Project-X for use ASAP!



BRRRT

Certainly, sir.

SIR YES SIR!

Er-hem. Another cowguin project. Do you think that's altogether wise, sir?



Cheev's remark sends a shudder through Magnusson as he recalls...

When I want your opinion, Cheeves... I'll ask for it. Just get the vehicle ready.

While at that same moment, on a quiet farm in rural Beaver County...



S-Shirley!

The cows, sis. Sumkin wrong w' the cows.

They don' m-moo no more.

M-maybe they's sad or s-somethin'

They don' MOO cause they is happy that we done saved 'em from Hammerhead, is all...

Don't think too hard, Harry. You gon' make your brains hurt!

Meanwhile, in the deepest depths of the Area 52b caves...

Depths that Magnusson's team had yet to reach...

A strange ritual has begun, on the altar of the pagan temple the ancients called "Beelzebub's Bottom".

Yes... YES!

Just a few more hourth, and the planetth will be in complete alignment!

CLING

And then I will bring your majethy to thith forthaken world!

With P.I.S. coursing through his veins, Stig's mutated flesh and the metal of Volkswerker will merge and create the ultimate man-car. A weapon that can bring down MagNuChem...

GRAAAH!

Come! Come ancient thpirith, and thow the world your magnifithence!

And maybe even the world.

Stig begins reciting the ancient incantations...

Ak alum thakmin!

But as he started to spray the cursed words of language older than the human race...

Something seems to awaken, in the dark depths of the ancient caves.

Rehman im-ilsur, amim kalsep ik ilkidur!

RUMBLE!

BURST!

Thoon we will merge into one, and dethstroy MagNuChem, thtarting with that thodding bathtard Hammerhead!

MU-WA-HA-HAA!

Stig enters his car, intent on finishing the ritual as the planetary alignment occurs...

Only to have the moment ruined, by the appearance of the very target of his hatred - Hammerhead!

3222R

What the HELL are you doing in my caverns?!

NOO! The thpirits have summoned you to face me too thoon!

I must vanquith you... old thcool!

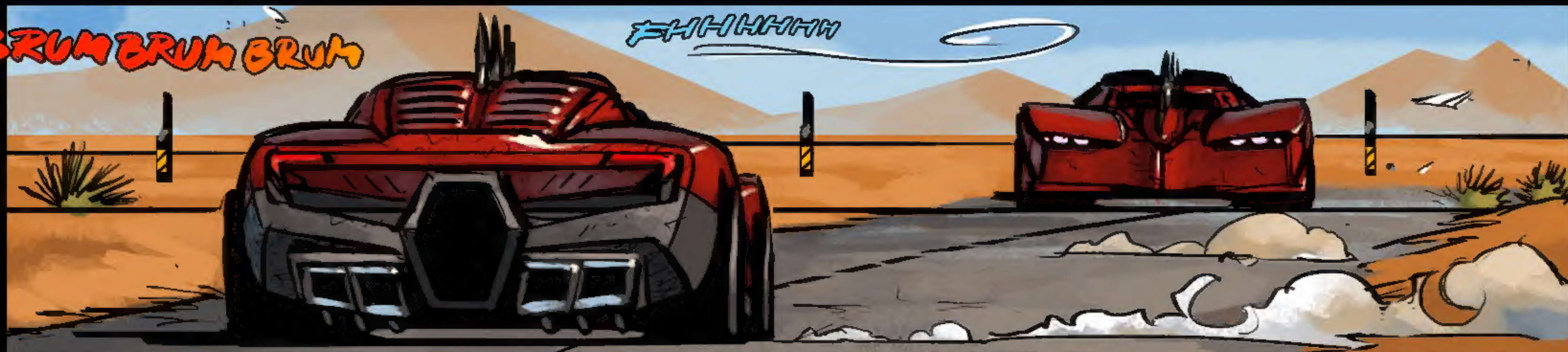
As battle below is about to commence, back on the surface it's a massacre on Main Street...



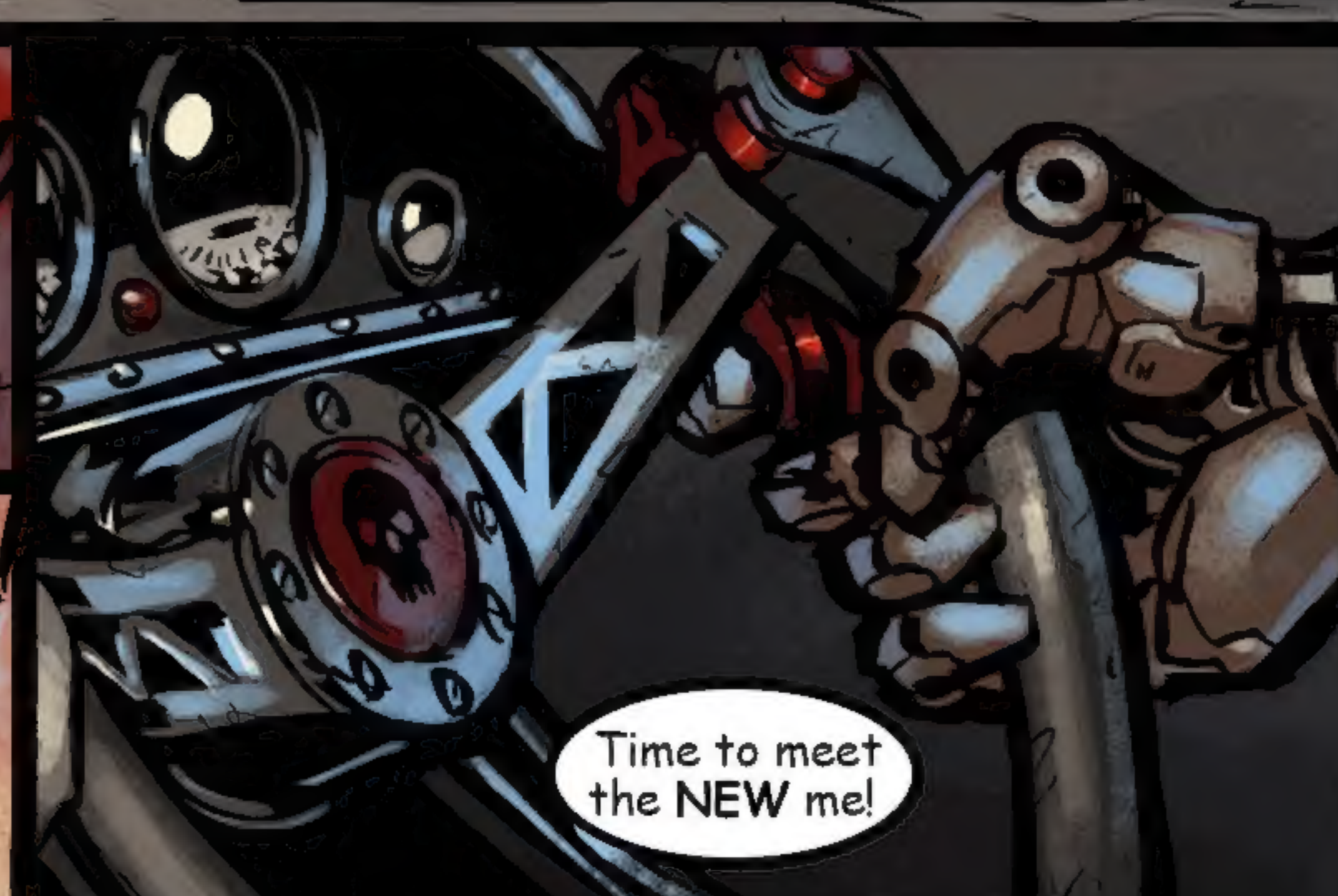
SCREEEE!



A new sheriff enters town.

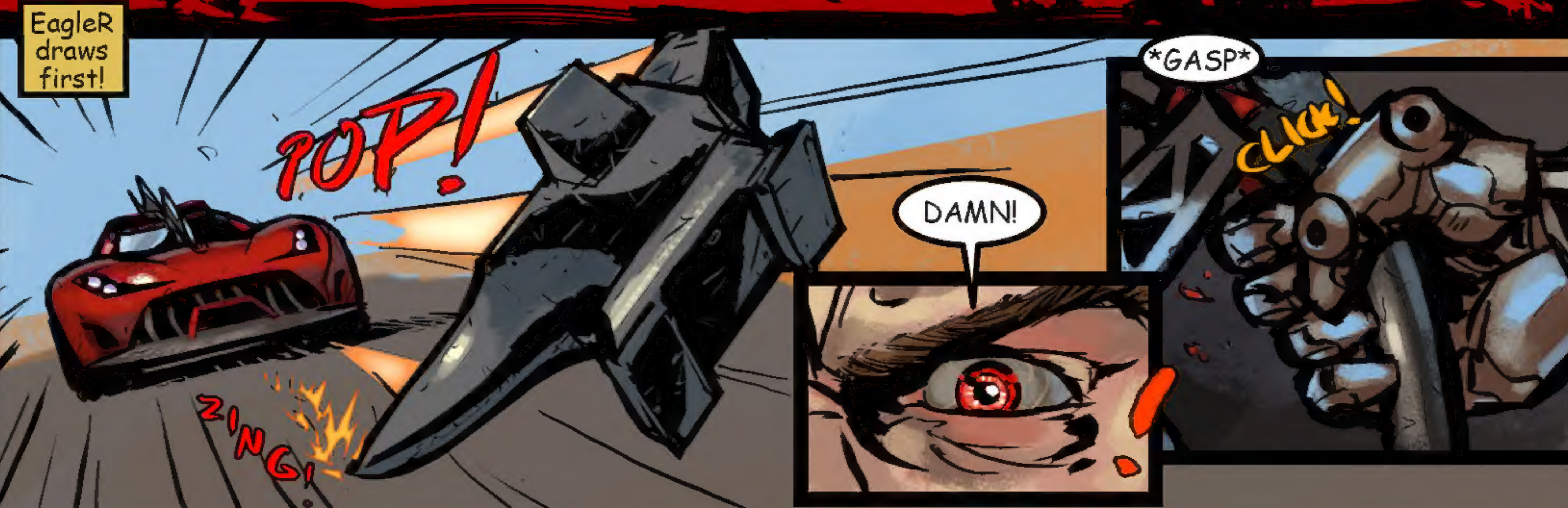


Hey there, OLD me...



Time to meet the NEW me!

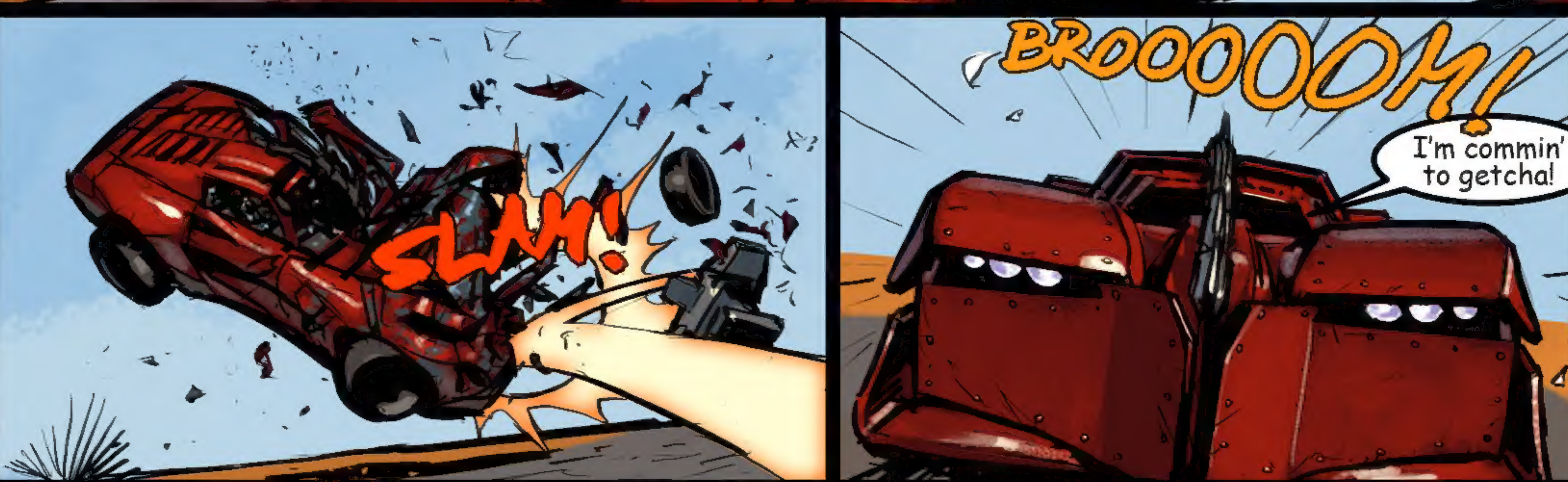
EagleR draws first!



GASP

CLICK!

DAMN!

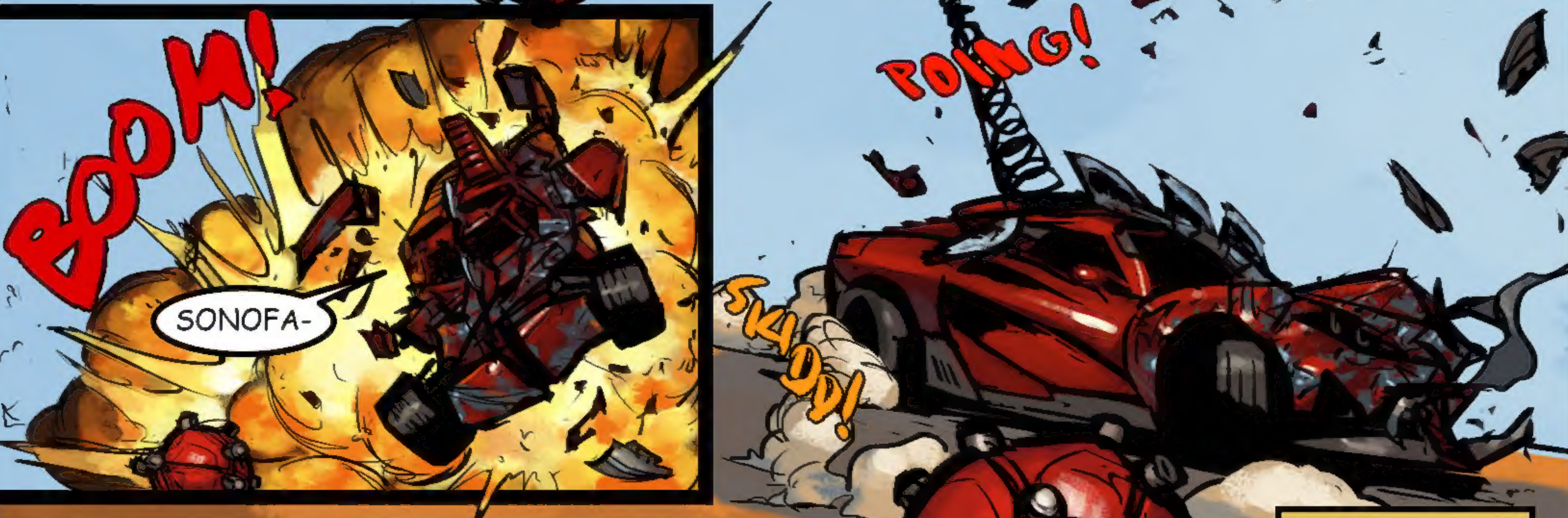


BROOOOOOM!

I'm commin' to getcha!



-BITCH!



BOOM!

SONOFA-

POING!

Round one goes to the "old Max"...

...Well, take it up with the MagNuChem legal department!

But you had no business being in that sector, and what's more, MagNuChem never accept liability!

KLANK!

VRoooo...

But I don't blame MagNuChem!

I blame you! And YOU will PAY!

Back underground, Hammerhead and Stig are hard at it.

You did THITH to me!

Now THUCK some BALLTH!

HIT!

PL-PL-PLOP!

Thit! How did I-?

Wha-FUCK!

The low profile Project-X is at an advantage...

HAH! You lisping LUMMOX!

Take THIS!

PUSH!

THTOOPID!

BZZT-SMASH

Hammerhead Smacks Stig's Bitch UP...

Thay "goodbye" Thith is where it endth for you.

BOOP!

AWW! Oil Thlickth from my Arth.

Stig's luck has deserted him...

PFFPRRP

CLICK!

It's Pelvic Thrust Time.

POW!

NO! NOO!

Well, this has been fun. But now I think it's time to use one of MagNuChem's very best...

YOU CAN'T

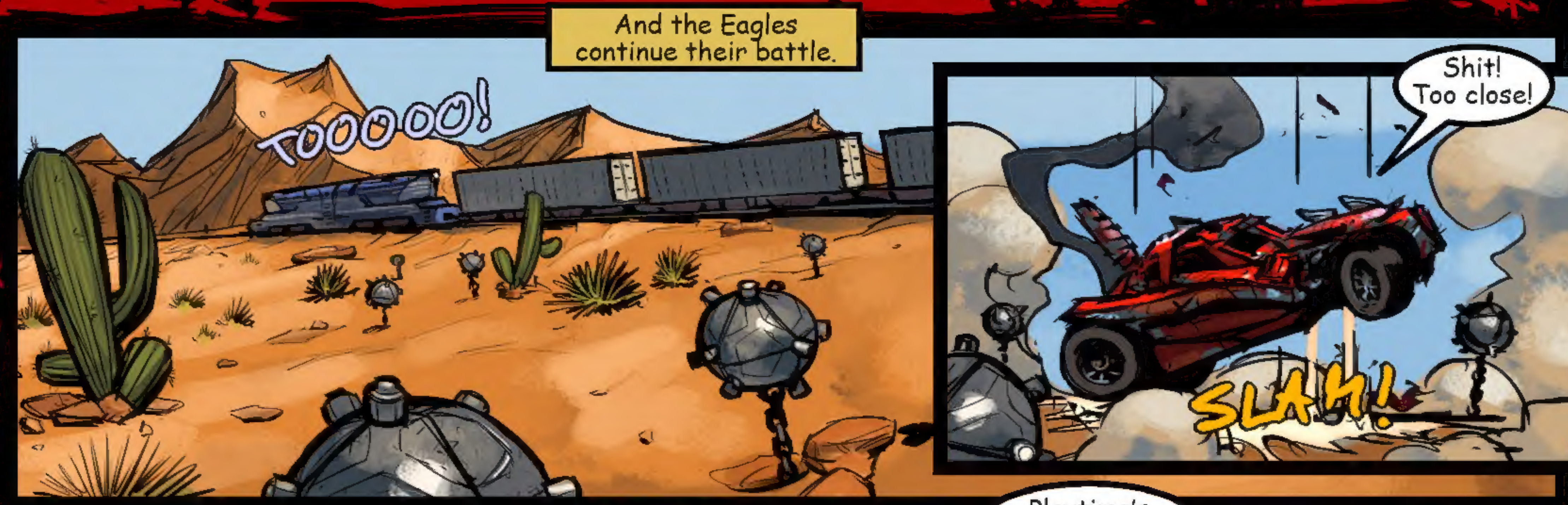
KERRANG!

Cheeves! Change of plan! These caverns will make a great race track!

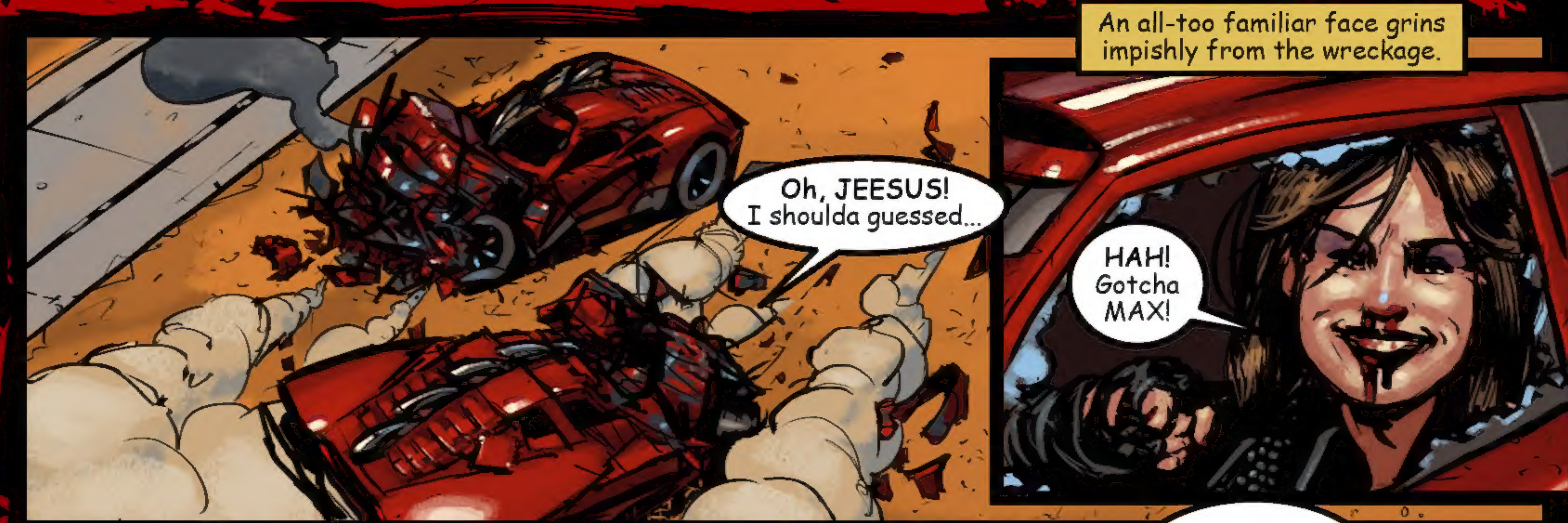
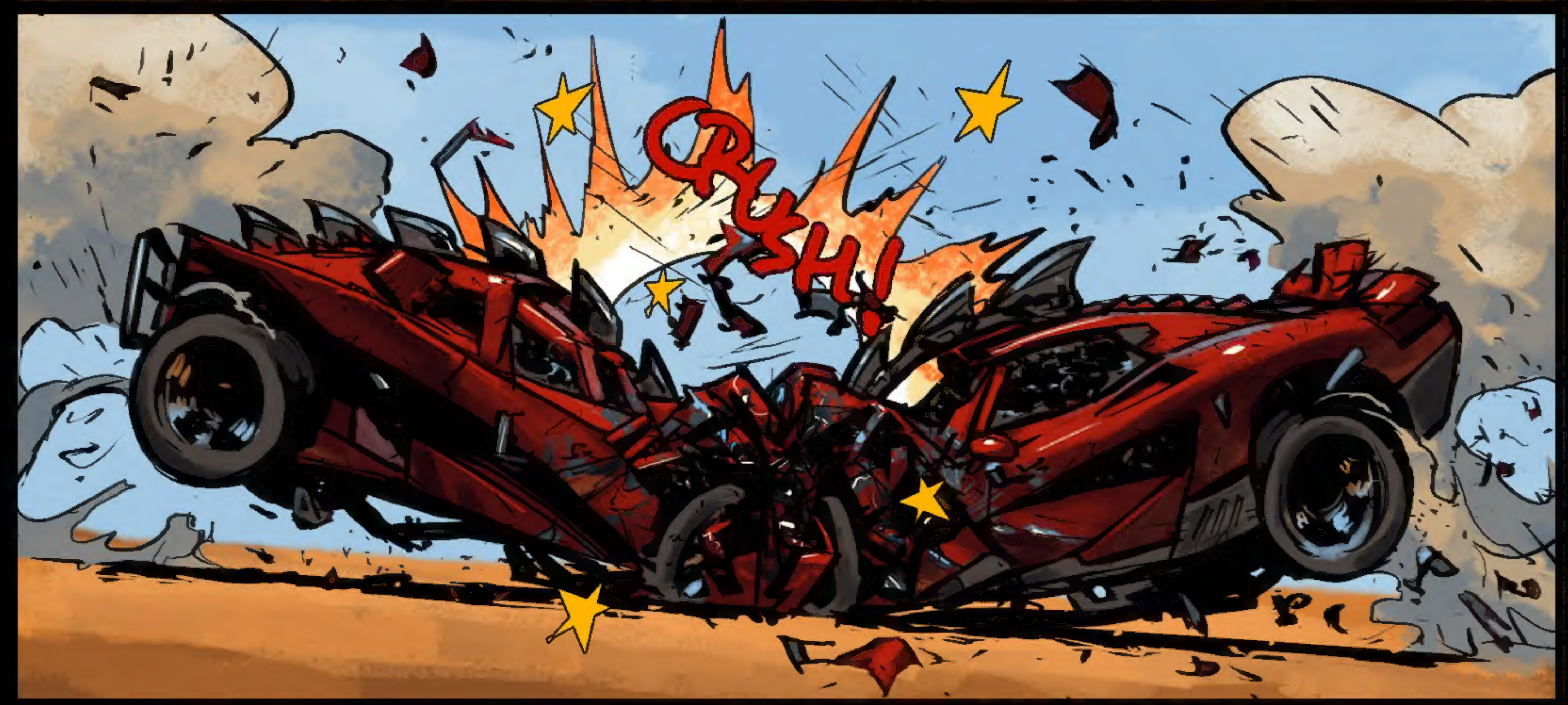
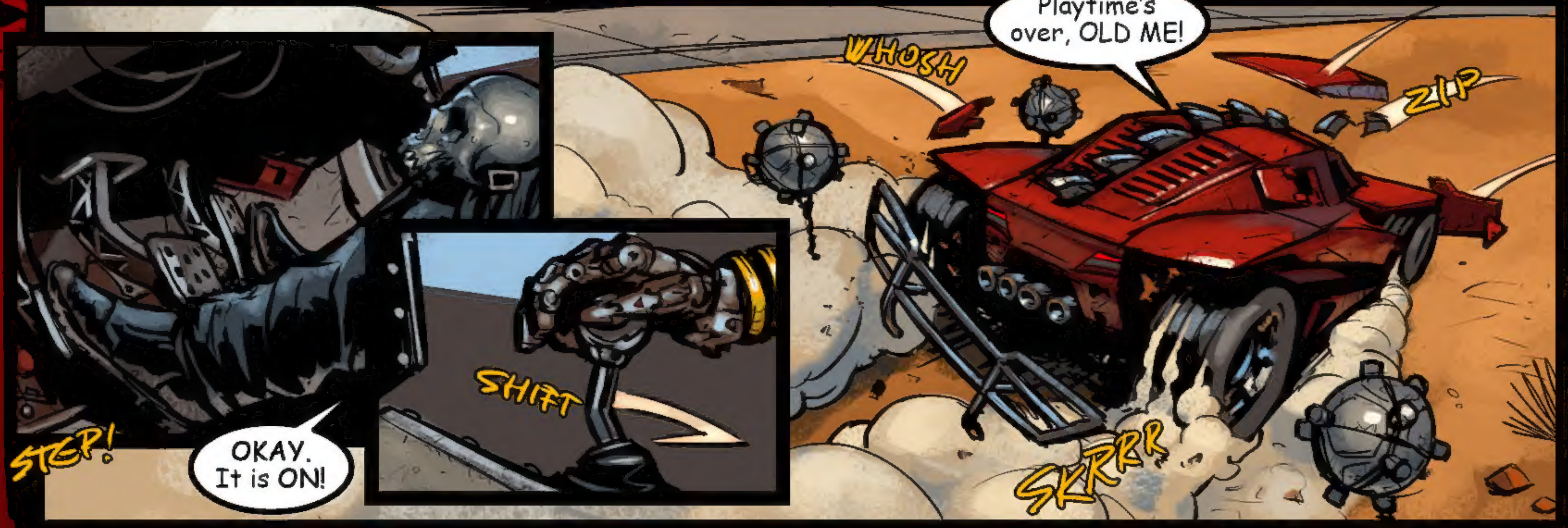
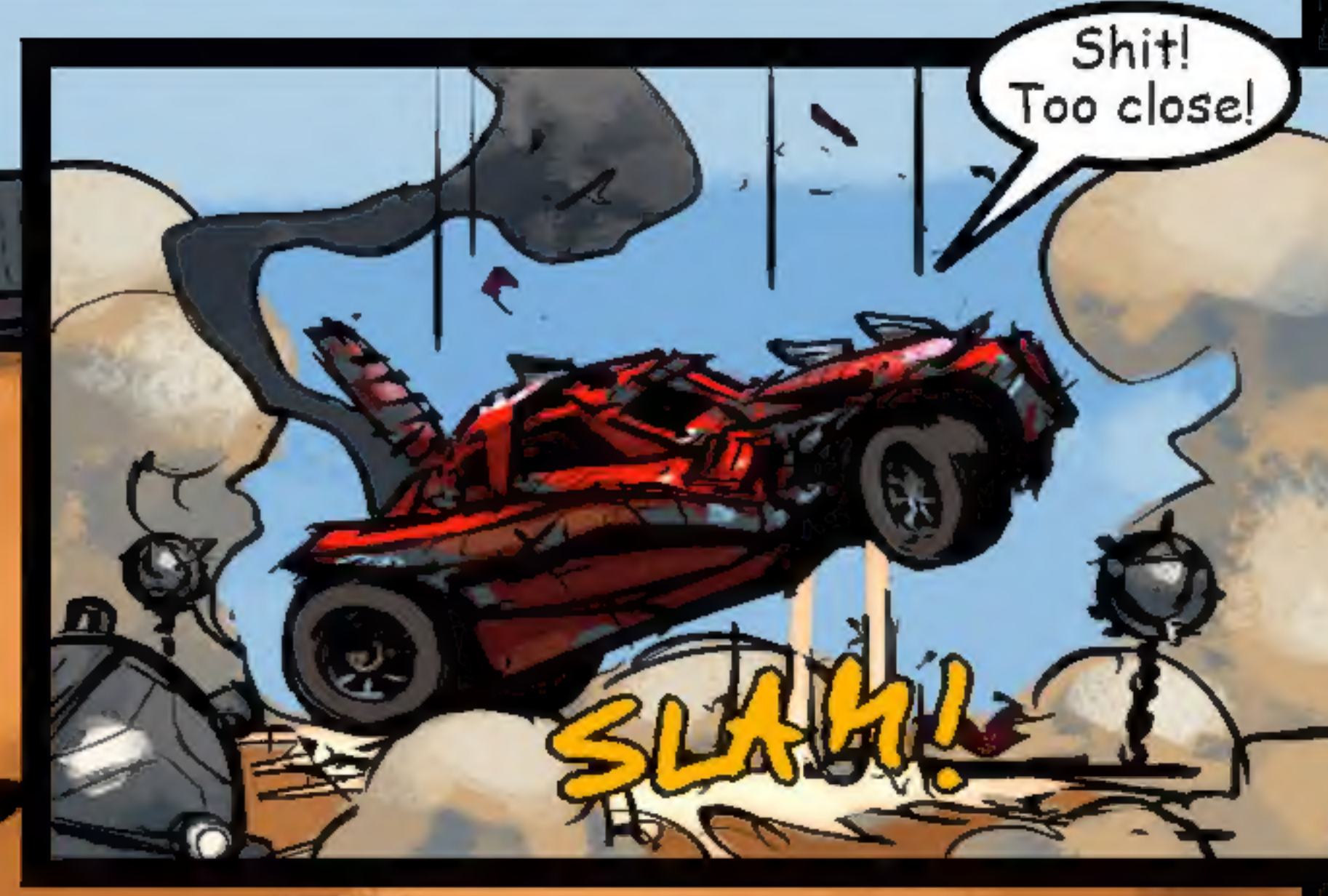
THERE. Thanks for the sport, Stig.

KRRH KRRH KRRH

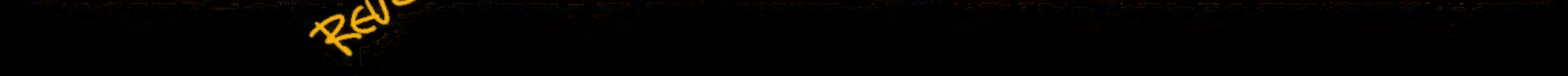
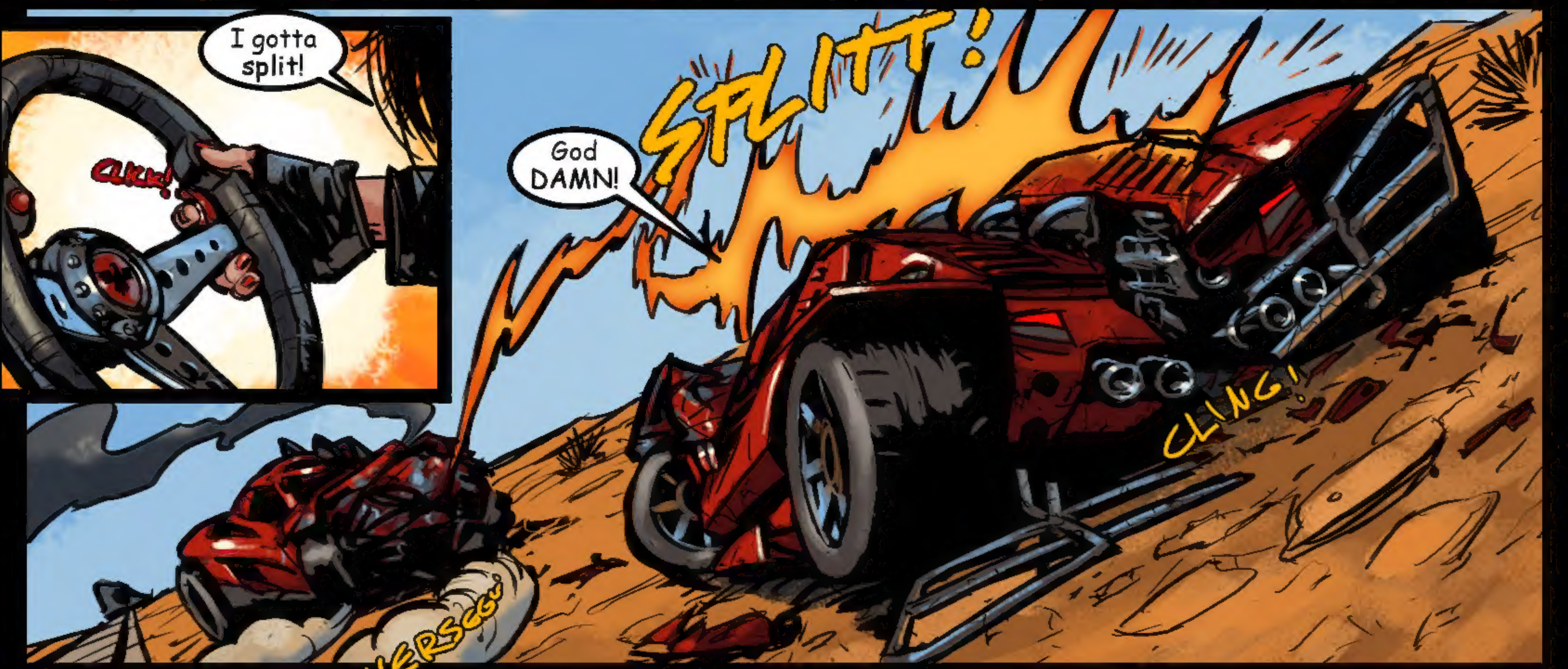
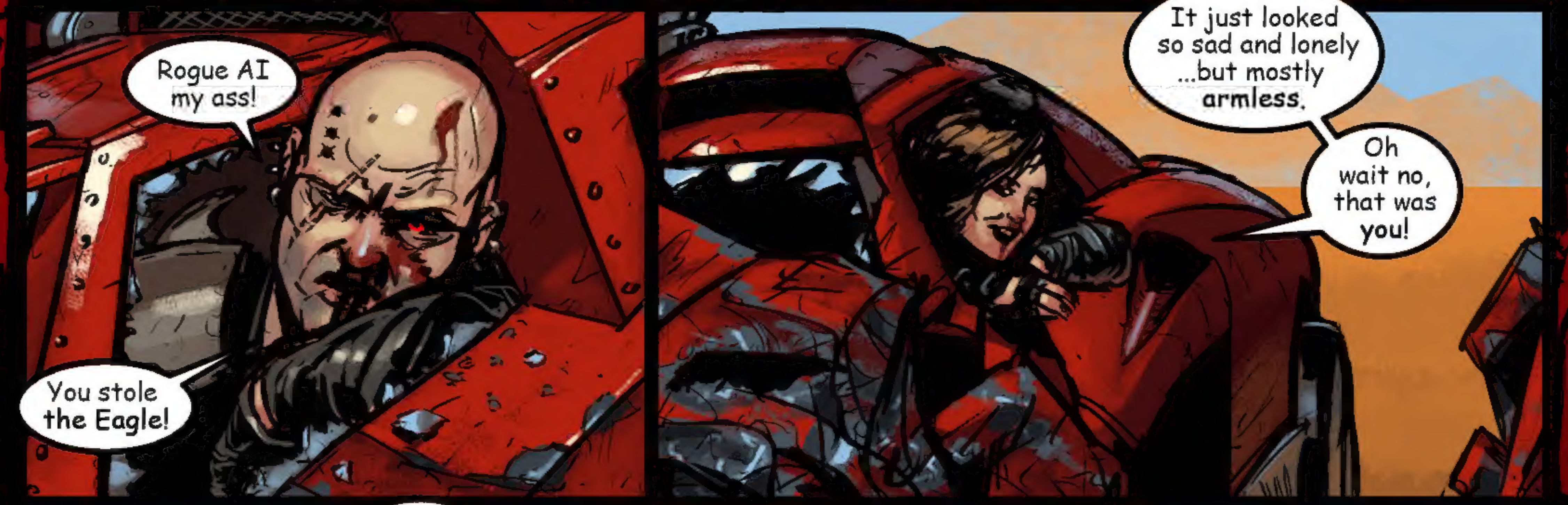
Hammerhead races off towards the surface, leaving the pile of scrap.

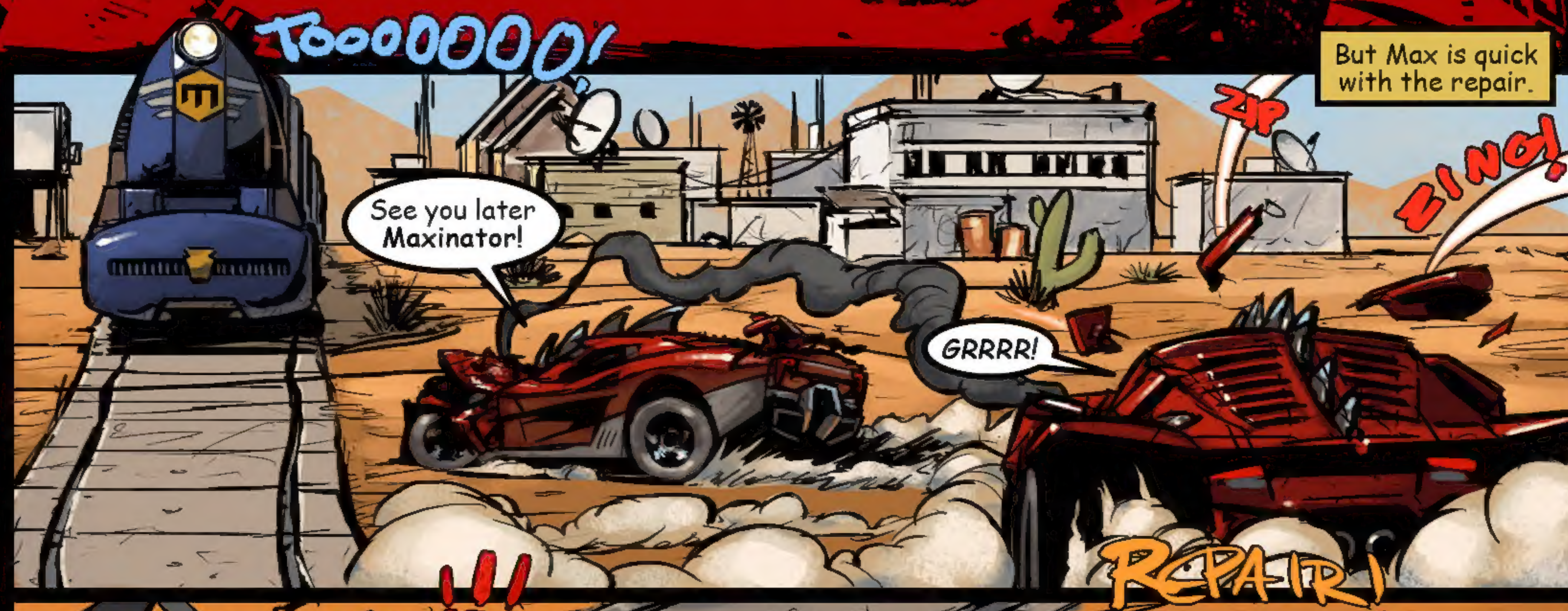


And the Eagles continue their battle.



An all-too familiar face grins impishly from the wreckage.





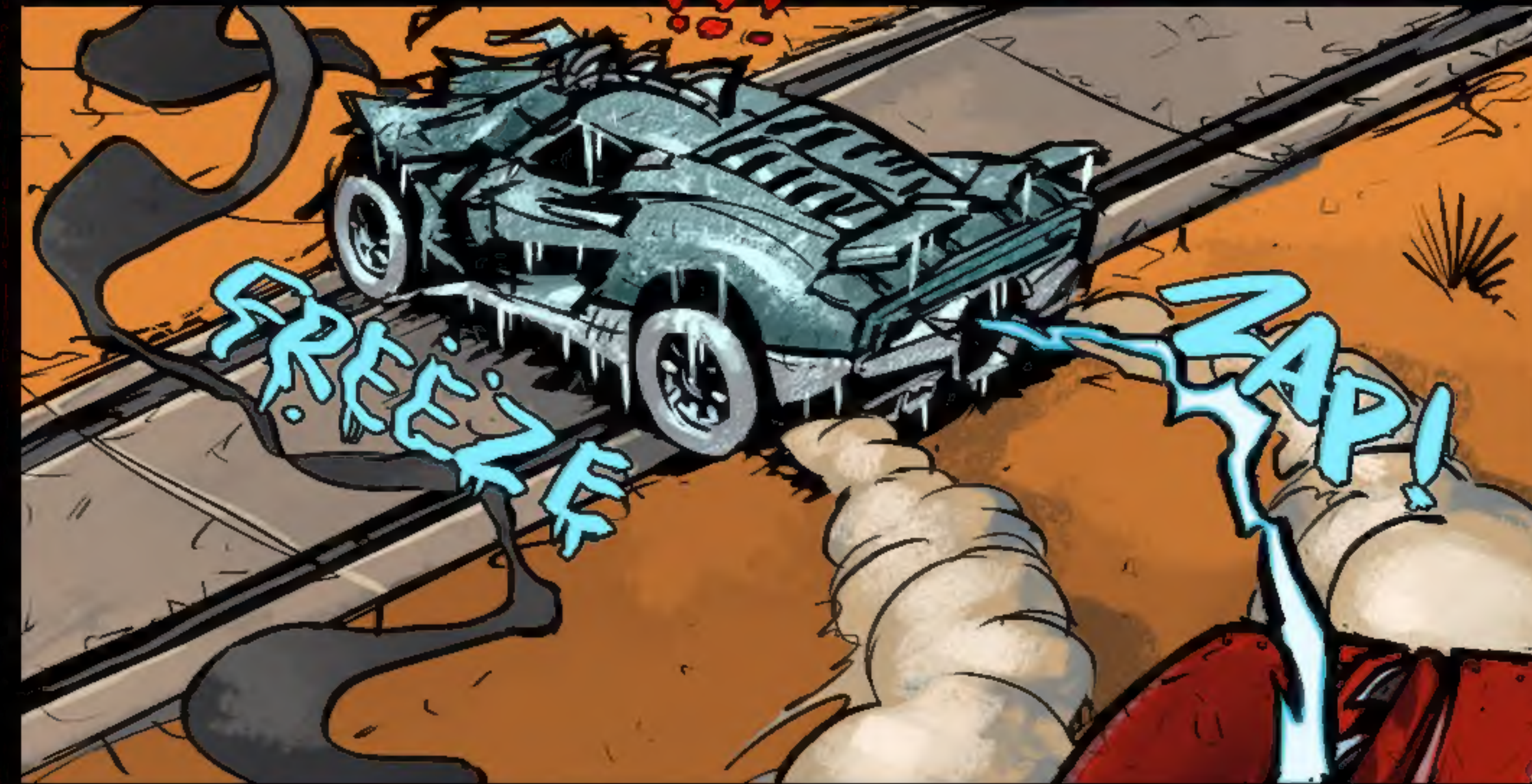
T600000001

See you later
Maxinator!

But Max is quick
with the repair.

GRRRR!

REPAIR!



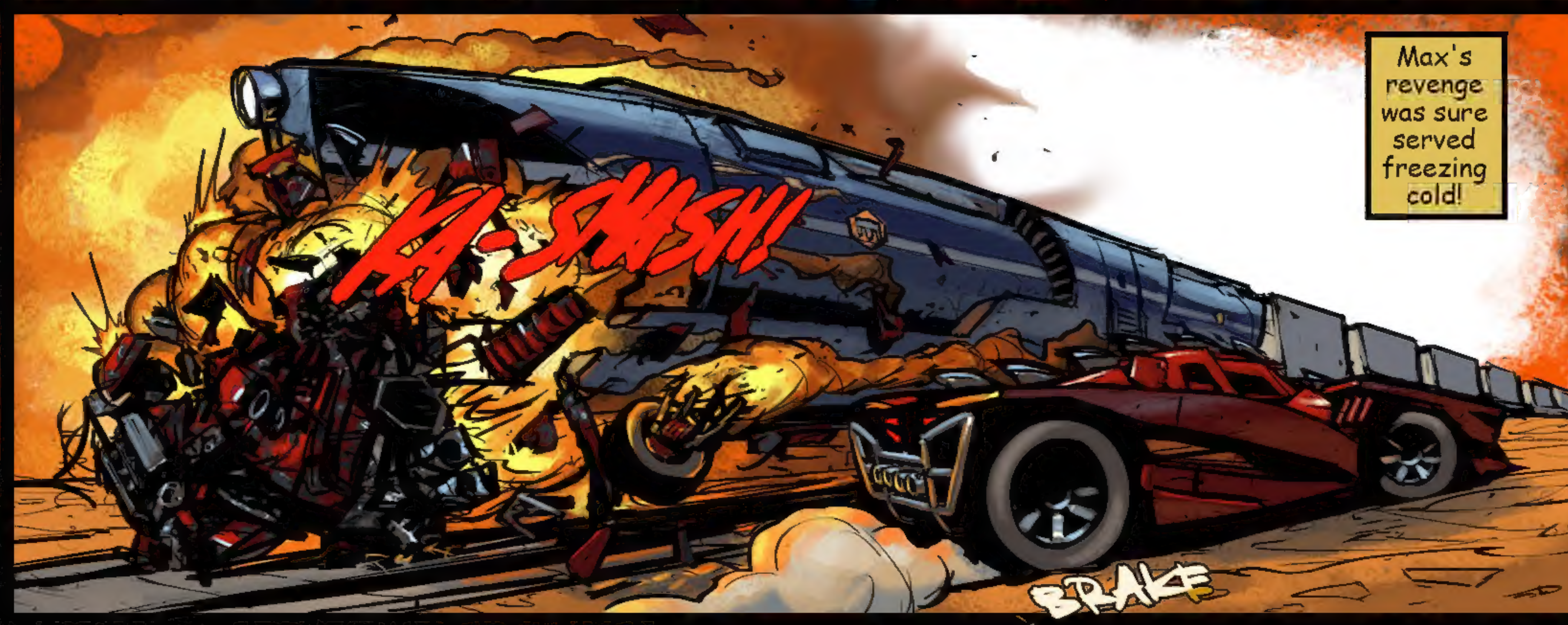
FREEZE

ZAP!



OH
BOLLOCKS!

Why don't
you chill out
for a bit?



KA-SMASH!

Max's
revenge
was sure
served
freezing
cold!

BRAKE

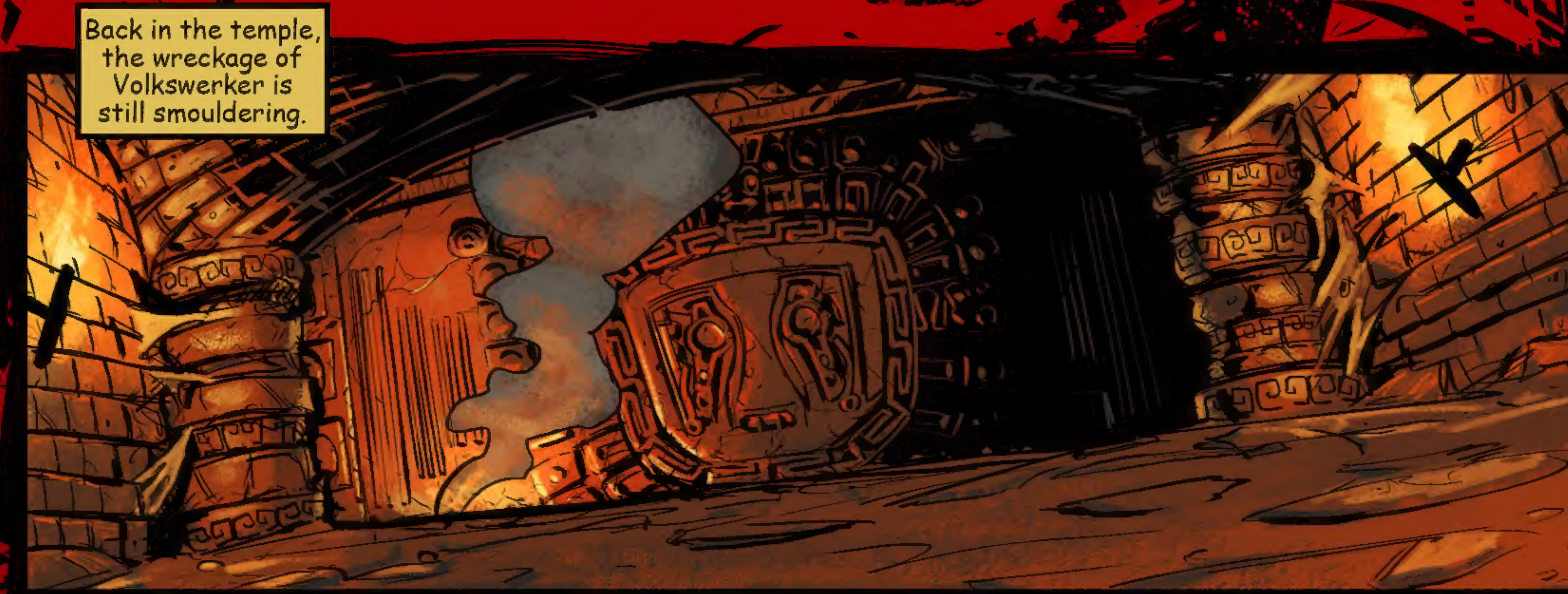


Oh I'm
sorry!
Did I
interrupt
your train of
thought?



Time to get
that chip
for ED 101.

BROOOOOO



Back in the temple,
the wreckage of
Volkswerker is
still smouldering.



Something moves,
disturbing the
wreckage.

Gently... ah,
carefully...

CLANK



Eh
Ugh



GOT
IT!
HA
HAA!



The Brothers Grimm have
been combing through
the twisted remains...

Yessss!



This, my
brother, is
exactly what
I have been
searching
for!
This is the...
CARMANOMICON!

The End.
Of the beginning
of The End...

CARMAGEDDON MAX DAMAGE



OUT NOW!

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